Dover, December, 1797.

After a most boisterous passage I landed in a boat, for the ship could not make the harbour, and was obliged to go to the Downs; so that I have not even a bundle with me. The vessel ought to come up this tide about eight in the evening, but the wind is strong and the weather foul. I have sent to Deal to desire the collector there will take out the boxes that contain my papers, but I am half afraid the ship will be under way before my messenger arrives, so my situation is very disagreeable and uncertain.

But, at all events, I saved myself the horrors of a stormy night at sea, and have at least had a good night's rest.

I will now mention some particulars of the last part of my stay in France. An official letter from the Marine informed me that they had waited day after day for the *Arrête du Directoire,* which, by its answer to Mr. Dundas, was to remove all uncertainty about the fate of the prisoners, but had not received it, therefore begged I would not wait any longer,

but hasten to convey the remittances to Charreti6.

The same post brought me a long letter from Cottrau, full of the warmest expressions of friendship, and a promise that, at my request, General